

THERE IS A PRESENT FOR YOU INSIDE!

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

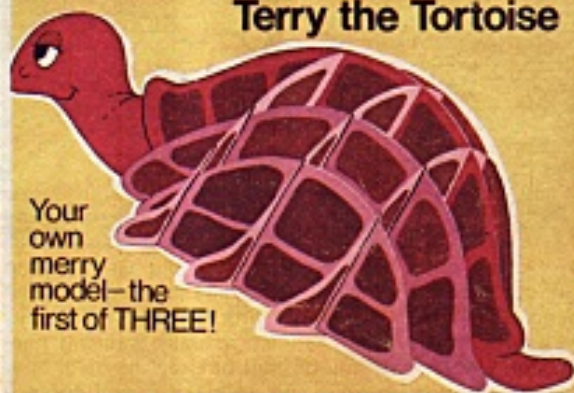
No. 51 • 31st January 1970

PRICE 1/3

The Water Babies
starts on page 2



FREE INSIDE! Lots of
FUN
with
Terry the Tortoise



Your
own
merry
model—the
first of THREE!

The Water Babies

Once upon a time, many years ago, there was a little chimney sweep named Tom. In the town where Tom lived there were plenty of chimneys to be swept. It was Tom's job to go climbing up inside them to loosen the soot and sweep it down for his grumpy master, Mr. Grimes, to collect.



1. Poor little Tom cried a lot when he had to climb into the dark chimneys, rubbing his knees and elbows raw and getting soot into his eyes. He also cried a lot when Mr. Grimes beat him, which was very often. He had never been taught to read or write or say his prayers and never washed himself at all. One morning, very early, Mr. Grimes set off on his donkey to sweep the chimneys of Harthover House, a large house out in the country. Tom walked behind, carrying the load of sweep's brushes.



2. Tom had never been so far out into the country before, and he stared and stared at the things around him. He longed to go into the fields and pick daisies, but Mr. Grimes would have none of that. "Hurry along, slowcoach," he growled, and puffed at his pipe. Soon they came up with a gipsy woman, limping along as if she was tired and footsore. She was a pretty woman with dark hair.

3. Mr. Grimes called out to her: "This is a hard road indeed. Will you get up, lass, and ride behind me on my donkey?" The gipsy woman shook her head. "No, thank you," she answered. "I'd sooner walk with your little lad." "Please yourself," growled Grimes. "Keep on walking if you want to." So the gipsy walked with Tom and talked to him about the sea, which Tom had never seen.



4. At last they came to a stream and Grimes stopped. Then without a word he got off his donkey and began ducking his ugly head in the stream—and very dirty he made it. Tom's eyes opened wide when he saw Mr. Grimes actually washing himself. "Why, master, I never saw you do that before," he said. "I wish I might dip my head in too, to make myself cooler."



5. "Get along with you," said Grimes, very sulky. "What do you want with washing yourself?" He made a grab at Tom to beat him, but the gipsy woman stopped him. "Are you not ashamed of yourself, Thomas Grimes?" she asked and it surprised Grimes to hear that she spoke his name. "Stop that at once. I have only one thing more to say to you both. Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be!"



6. She turned away and seemed to disappear. Mr. Grimes looked around and so did Tom, not knowing where she had gone. Grimes, however, got back on his donkey and went on towards Harthover House. As they came to it and walked up a great avenue, bordered by trees and bushes, Tom saw a deer and was puzzled by a strange murmuring noise among the flowers. "They're bees," said Grimes. "They make honey. Now hold your noise."



7. They came to the great house itself and as soon as they were inside, the work of chimney sweeping began. Tom felt his heart sink, for he knew that there would be many chimneys to do and it would take all day. "Get on with it then," growled Grimes, and he gave Tom a kick to start him climbing up the first chimney.



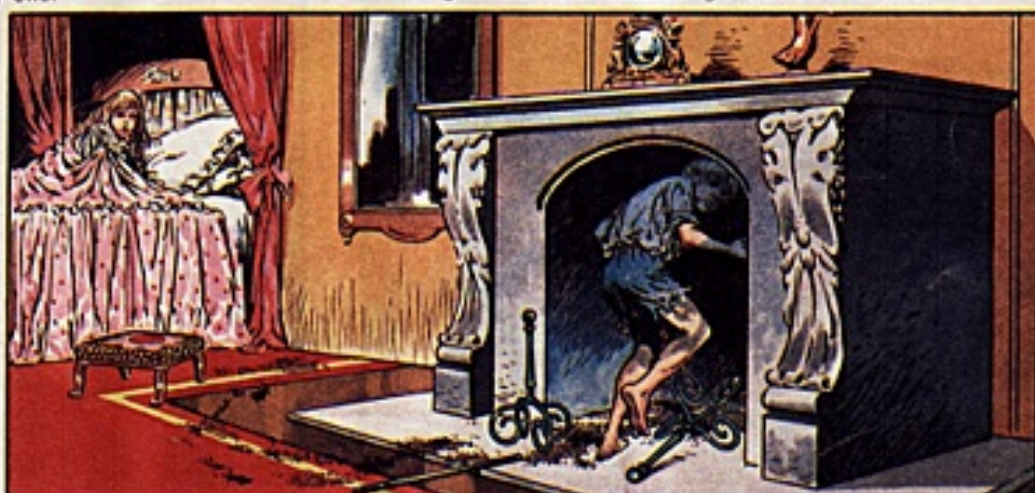
8. Tom swept many chimneys that day—so many that he lost all count of them. They were large and crooked chimneys, running into one another so that Tom lost his way in them in the pitch darkness. In the end he came down a wrong chimney and found himself standing in a room, the like of which he had never seen in his life before. It was a bedroom and indeed a very pretty one.



9. Tom looked around. In a corner of the room he noticed a washing stand with jugs and basins and soap and towels. "She must be a very dirty lady who lives in here to need so much washing," thought Tom. Then he looked towards the bed and saw the "dirty" lady and held his breath in astonishment. It was a girl—the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.



10. Still looking around, Tom suddenly caught sight of the dirtiest little boy in all the world. "How did that black-faced rascal get in here?" he asked. Then he saw that he was looking into a mirror and the dirty-faced little imp was himself.



11. Poor Tom felt so ashamed. "Am I really like that, all soot-covered and dirty?" he gasped. "I should not be here in such a lovely clean bedroom. I must get back to Mr. Grimes and never come here again." Tom darted to the big fireplace and ducked his head to go up the wide chimney. But as he did so, his foot caught one of the fire-irons and it fell with a loud clatter, which woke the beautiful girl at once. Seeing a black-faced imp and becoming frightened, she gave a loud cry. "Help! There is someone in my room!"

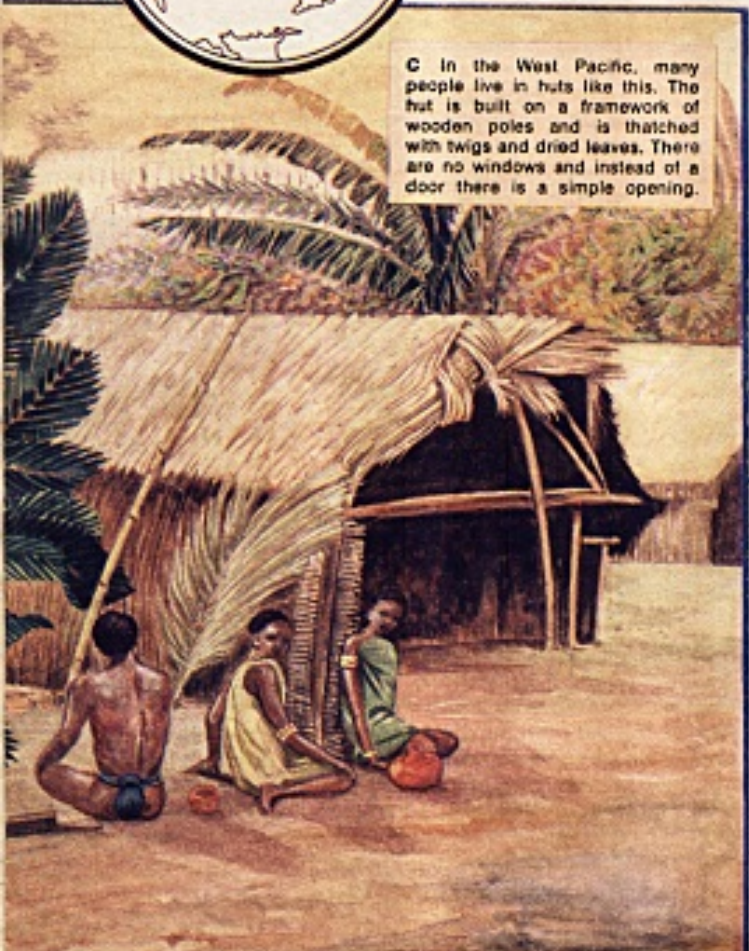
What will happen to Tom now? More of this lovely Water Babies story and a FREE GIFT MODEL next week



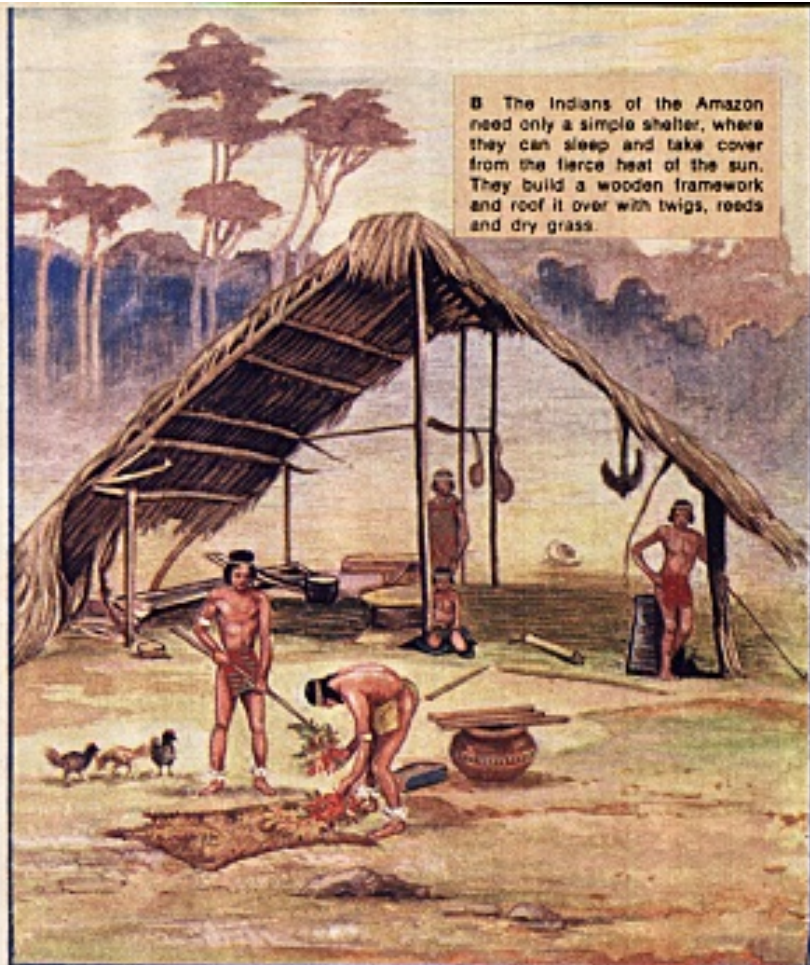
A These wooden houses are built of Oak and Hazel, wood which grows in the vast forests of Siberia. To keep them warm, the houses are built on a raised platform, for the temperature on the ground is always at freezing point.



Here are some unusual homes, which people build for themselves. The capital letters show you in which parts of the World they are.

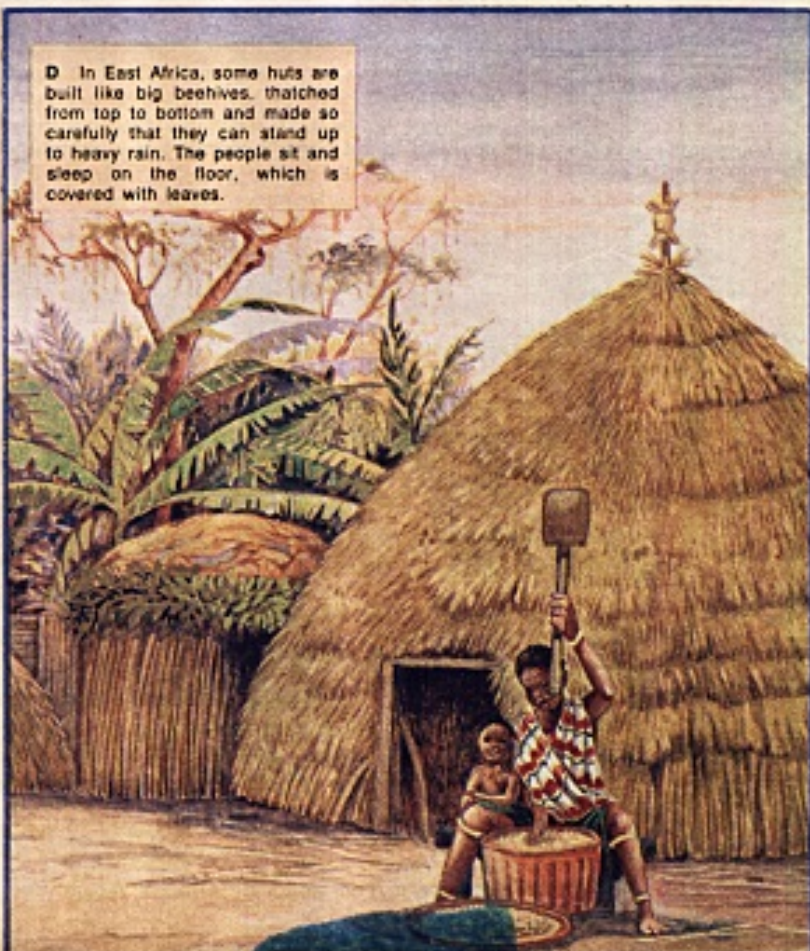


C In the West Pacific, many people live in huts like this. The hut is built on a framework of wooden poles and is thatched with twigs and dried leaves. There are no windows and instead of a door there is a simple opening.



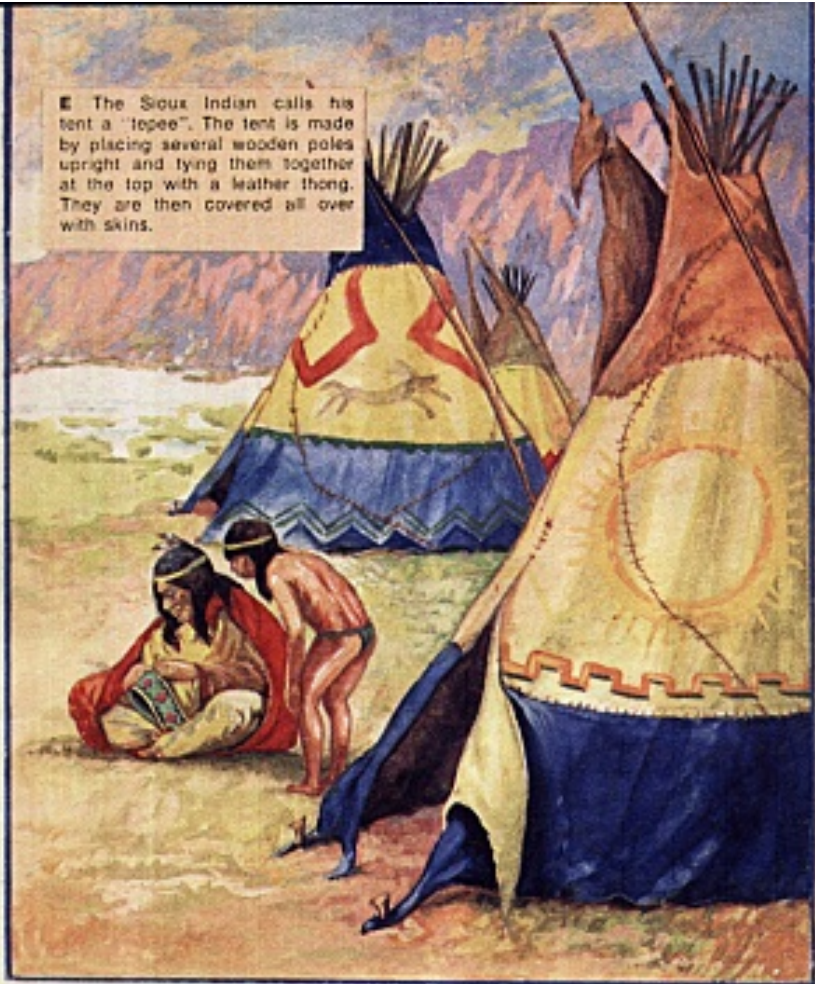
B The Indians of the Amazon need only a simple shelter, where they can sleep and take cover from the fierce heat of the sun. They build a wooden framework and roof it over with twigs, reeds and dry grass.

All Sorts of



D In East Africa, some huts are built like big beehives, thatched from top to bottom and made so carefully that they can stand up to heavy rain. The people sit and sleep on the floor, which is covered with leaves.

E The Sioux Indian calls his tent a "tepee". The tent is made by placing several wooden poles upright and tying them together at the top with a leather thong. They are then covered all over with skins.



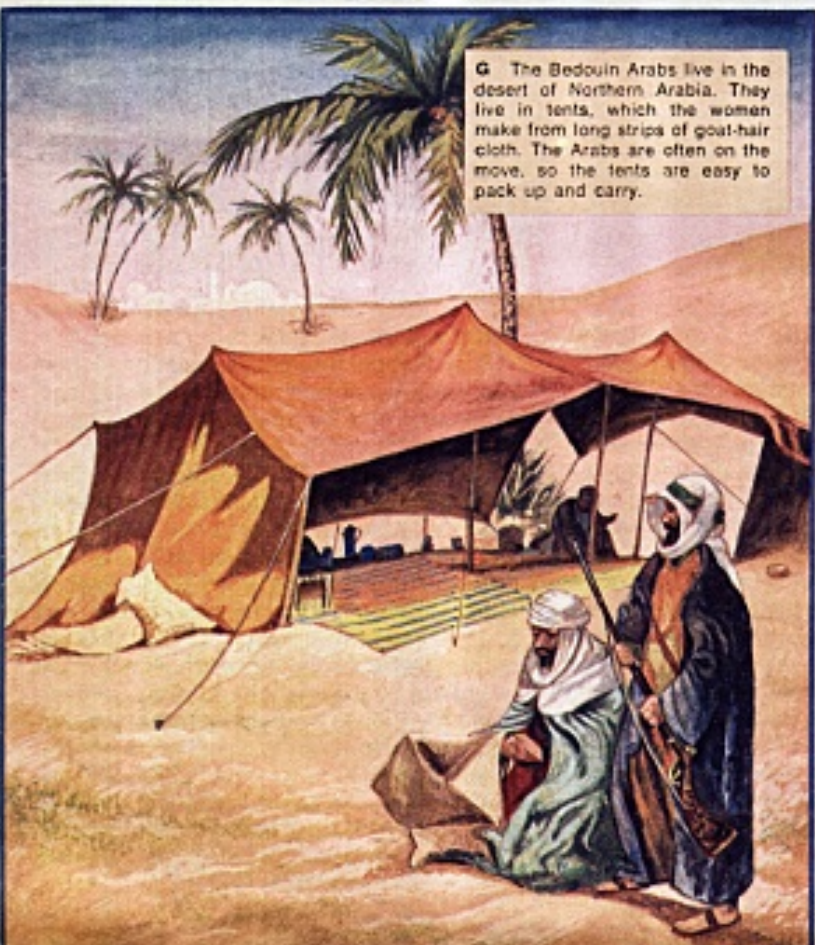
F The Papuans, who live in the fishing villages of New Guinea, build themselves homes raised on stilts. This helps to keep them safe from attack and also protects the houses from damp and from rats and other creatures.



Strange Houses



G The Bedouin Arabs live in the desert of Northern Arabia. They live in tents, which the women make from long strips of goat-hair cloth. The Arabs are often on the move, so the tents are easy to pack up and carry.



H People who live in the tropical jungles of South India build themselves houses in the tree-tops. Here they are well away from the unhealthy swamps and are also safe from fierce prowling animals.





BRER RABBIT

This week: The Cherry Tree . . .
by Barbara Hayes

NOW once upon a time there was a mighty fine cherry tree that grew in the land where Brer Rabbit lived.

All the animals watched the cherries forming and growing bigger and riper, and they all licked their lips—slurp! slurp! They thought how lovely it would be when the cherries were ripe and they could eat them — chomp! chomp! gulp! gulp!

So the animals got together and said: "We will all promise not to touch the cherries until the day that they are really ripe and on that day at dawn we will all come and pick all the cherries we can reach. And whoever can reach the most can have the most."

Well that was all very well for the big animals, but it didn't seem very fair to little Brer Rabbit and his baby rabs.

"Shall I be able to bring a step ladder?" asked Brer Rabbit.

"Certainly not," answered Brer Wolf. "That would not be fair."

Brer Rabbit thought it wasn't fair that Brer Wolf was twice as tall as he was and would be able to reach twice as many cherries.

But then Brer Rabbit looked at Brer Wolf's shiny teeth and decided it wasn't a good day for arguing.

Then Brer Rabbit looked at the cherry tree and the two big trees that grew on either side of the cherry tree and he fell to thinking and he said: "The last night before the cherries are ripe, I think we ought to guard the cherry tree in case someone comes and steals our cherries."

"You're right, Brer Rabbit," said the other animals.

"I think we all ought to come and make a circle round the tree all night long," said Brer Rabbit.

"You're right, Brer Rabbit," said the



other animals, nodding their heads.

"And I think we all ought to *hold hands* with each other all night long, then we shall know that none of us has slipped off to steal the cherries," said Brer Rabbit.

"You're right, Brer Rabbit," said the other animals.

So the night before the cherries were to be picked, Brer Bear and Brer Wolf and Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit and Brer Weasel and Brer Terrapin held hands in a circle all round the cherry tree so that no one could reach the tree without breaking their circle and so that none of them could slip to the tree and have a secret feed.

The sun set and the sky darkened and unseen by anyone Brer Rabbit's little baby rabbits slipped towards the cherry tree, each carrying a basket and one carrying a long rope.

The rabbit with the rope climbed up

into the tall tree on one side of the cherry tree and the other little rabs climbed into the tall tree on the other side of the cherry tree.

The first rabbit tied the end of the rope firmly to his tree and then threw the other end across to the little rabs in the other tree.

Then, one by one, the little rabbits slid down the rope into the cherry tree, filled their baskets with cherries and pulled themselves into the next tree and then ran away home.

Whizz!—went the first little rabbit.

"What was that?" asked Brer Fox.

"Just a swallow going home for the night," smiled Brer Rabbit.

Whizz!—went the next little rabbit.

"What was that?" asked Brer Bear.

"Just a bat shaking his wings," answered Brer Rabbit.

Whizz!—went the next little rabbit.

"What was that?" asked Brer Wolf.

"Oh, just a moonbeam rustling in the leaves," smiled Brer Rabbit.

But when the sun rose next morning the animals saw that all the cherries had gone from the tree.

Brer Wolf looked at the bare tree and then at Brer Rabbit.

"Well, all I can say is there were some mighty hungry moonbeams about last night," he growled.

But Brer Rabbit just smiled.

"You were holding *my* hands all night," he said. "You know I didn't steal the cherries."

So there was nothing the other animals could do. But we know where the cherries went, don't we?

There will be another Brer Rabbit Story in Once Upon A Time next week. Do not miss it—and get your Free Gift.

More useful Palm trees



1. **Date Palm.** Like the coconut palm, which we told you about in last week's *Once Upon A Time*, the date palm is most useful and valuable as a food. The masses of ripe dates hang down in thick clusters and in countries such as North Africa they are a main food, and are exported abroad packed in special boxes.



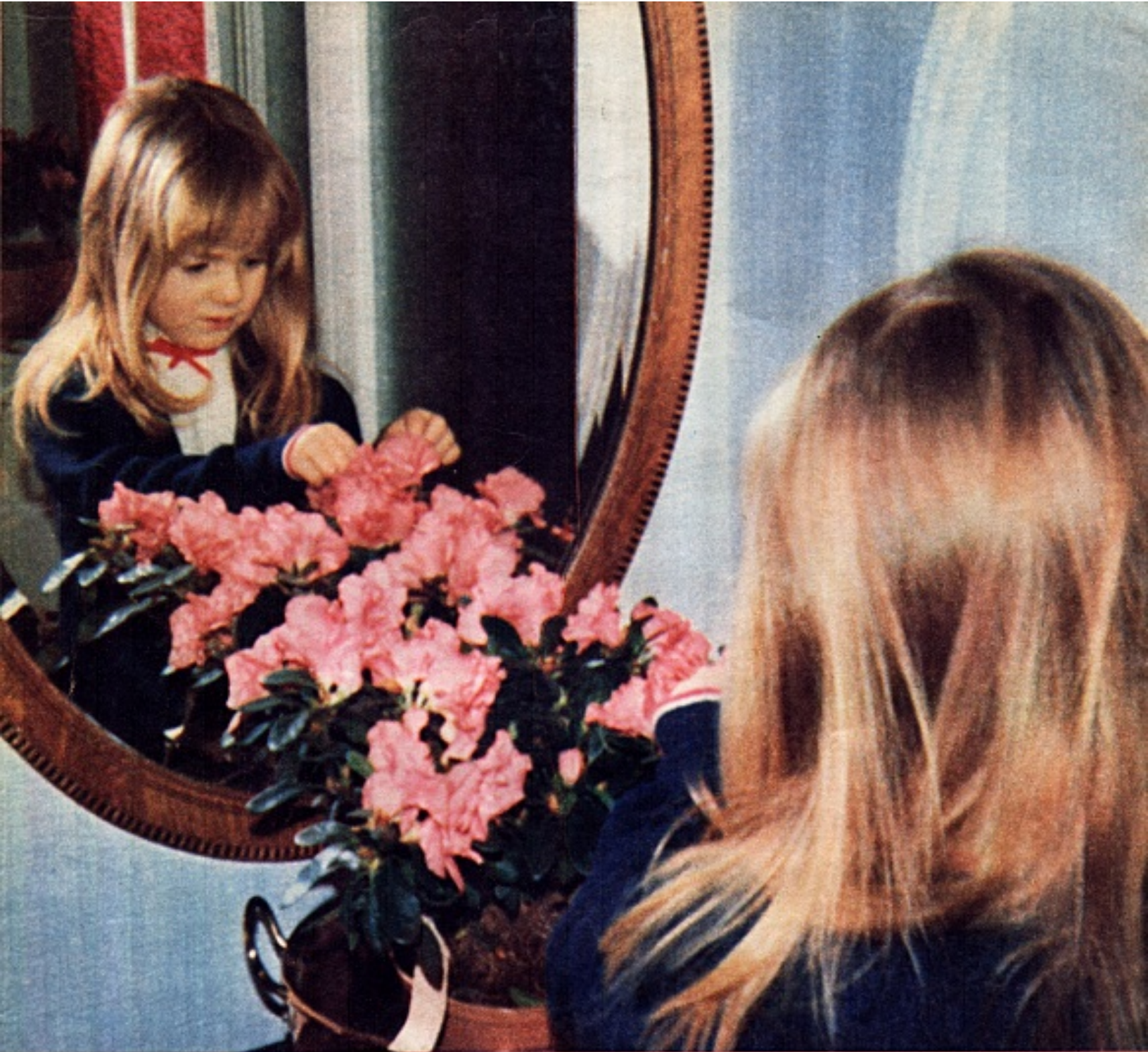
2. **Palm-oil Tree.** This palm, which grows in large numbers in the warm lands of West Africa, produces huge branches of seeds. These are cut from the palm when ripe and then crushed to squeeze out the oil they contain. Palm-oil is used all over the world to make such useful things as cooking-oil, soap and margarine.



3. **Rattan Palm.** This member of the palm family is useful in a different way. It produces the thin canes and fibres which are used in the making of wickerwork furniture and baskets. When these supple canes are damp they can be twisted into patterns.



4. **Sago Palm.** Have you ever eaten a tree? If you have enjoyed eating sago pudding at home, then the answer is yes. Inside the trunk of this strange palm is a soft pith. When it is taken out and grated, as this boy is doing in a native village, it is called sago.



This little story is a Memory Test. When you have read it, turn to page 16 and try to answer the questions.

Joanna emptied her money-box on to the table-cloth and began to sort out the coins. There were nine altogether. "Three pennies, one sixpence, two threepenny pieces, two two-shilling pieces and a new half-crown," she said to herself. "How much does that make?"

For her age, Joanna was very clever at doing sums, but when she did get the right answer, which was seven shillings and ninepence, she was so unhappy that she almost burst out crying.

"Oh dear, I did so want it to be twelve and sixpence," she sighed. "That was the price of the lovely pot-plant I saw in a flower-shop when I was looking for a nice birthday present for Mummy."

The more she thought about it, the more Joanna became disappointed. For a long time she stared at the coins on the table-cloth, until her eyes misted over with tears.

When her Daddy came in, Joanna was crying quite heart-brokenly. "It's . . . it's Mummy's birthday present," sobbed Joanna. "I need twelve and sixpence and I've only got seven and ninepence."

(This colour photograph was sent in by the mother of a reader and the Editor would like to hear from her.)

Happy Birthday Flowers

Daddy glanced at the coins, did a quick sum in his head and looked puzzled. Then he pointed to the big silver coin.

"What's that, Joanna?" he asked.

"Grandpa put it in my money-box when he came last week-end," Joanna said. "I think it's worth two shillings and sixpence."

"No, Joanna," smiled Daddy, shaking his head. "That's a new kind of coin. It has seven sides and you can see it is marked 50 New Pence. So it is really worth ten shillings, though it is only a little bigger than an old two-shilling piece. Lots of people have been making that mistake with our new decimal coins."

Joanna was counting fast on her fingers and she looked up with sparkling eyes. "Then I really have fifteen shillings and threepence," she exclaimed. "Oh, Daddy, how wonderful!"

Next morning, Joanna was up early and in front of the mirror in the hall she put a beautiful pot-plant full of pink flowers.

"Happy birthday, Mummy," she smiled.



Some weeks ago, we showed you pictures of four trees you could see . . . Horse-Chestnut, Silver Birch, Ash and Oak. Here are four others to look for when you go out for a walk out-of-doors.

1. THE EVERGREEN, or HOLM OAK.

This is a tree which puzzles a lot of people. When they are walking underneath it, they see acorns which have fallen from it. They look up at the tree and are surprised to see the shape of the leaves. These are not a bit like the leaves of the acorn-producing tree they know so well. "How can a tree like this produce acorns?" they wonder. The answer to that is simple—it produces acorns because it is an OAK tree. Its proper name is the Holm Oak, but it is also called the Evergreen Oak. As you can see from the picture, its slender leaves are either plain or have toothed edges—nothing like those of the Common Oak. The Holm Oak is different in another way—the bark on its trunk is much thinner and smoother and almost black in colour.



Trees

2. THE YEW.

You will very often see Yew trees growing in a churchyard, and there is an interesting reason for this. Many years ago, soldiers fired their arrows from bows made from yew wood, which sent them faster and farther through the air. The leaves of yew trees, however, are poisonous if eaten by farm animals such as cows, horses, sheep and pigs. So when yew trees were planted to grow wood for archers' bows they were usually put inside a churchyard to keep grazing animals away from them. There is no mistaking the seeds of a yew tree—they have a red wax-like cup. Though they are not really poisonous, yew-berries should not be eaten. One other thing about the yew tree is the toughness of its wood and it is often said that "A post made of yew will outlast a post of iron."



3. THE HOLLY TREE

We all know what a branch of holly looks like—with its spiky leaves and bright red berries. The tree itself sometimes grows to a height of forty feet or more. Up to about ten feet from the ground, the holly-leaves have long sharp spines, but above that height the leaves have no spikes at all. It is said that many years ago in early history, cattle liked the taste of holly leaves and ate them up, because at that time they had no spikes. To protect its leaves, the holly tree then grew them with spikes—but only to a height which cattle could reach. The flowers of the holly tree are small and white, about a quarter of an inch across and produce the fruit, or well-known red berries. The wood of the holly is very hard and white. When dyed black it is sometimes used instead of ebony.



4. THE CEDAR OF LEBANON

Most often seen in the lawns of large, old gardens and in parks, the Cedar of Lebanon is a very graceful tree. It has only a short trunk, which throws out huge branches starting at a height of six to ten feet from the ground. Quite often you will see these branches supported by a stout wooden stake. This Cedar makes a wonderful umbrella for anyone sheltering under it during a shower of rain. The seed-cones are chubby, about three inches long, and shaped almost like a ball. At first they are greyish-green, tinged with pink. To become properly ripe they remain on the tree for several years and become purple-brown in colour. The wood from a Cedar tree is pinkish in colour, very light and easily cut. The trees do not produce cones until they are about twenty-five years old.

you can see



The Gentle Dragon



1. Once upon a time there was a young artist, who made his living by making and selling wooden toys. But one day he came to a town where the people spent all their time dragon-hunting and had no time for anything else. He sold no toys at all.



2. Even the children played at dragon-hunting with their tiny swords and didn't bother with toys at all. Hungry and miserable, the artist found a quiet cave outside the town in which to rest. The dragon-hunting went on until dark.



3. Tired out, the artist soon fell asleep, but he was awakened by a frightened whimper. There, behind him, sat a scared dragon. "You aren't going to hunt me, are you? I'm so tired of being hunted," sighed the dragon. "I never get any peace at all from those horrid villagers. They hunt dragons all day long."



4. The dragon pointed outside. "Look, there they are again," he said, and the artist saw a group of dragon-hunters riding past. "It's got so bad, that I can't go out shopping or even for a peaceful stroll," sobbed the dragon. The artist thought hard. "I think I can help you," he said at last.



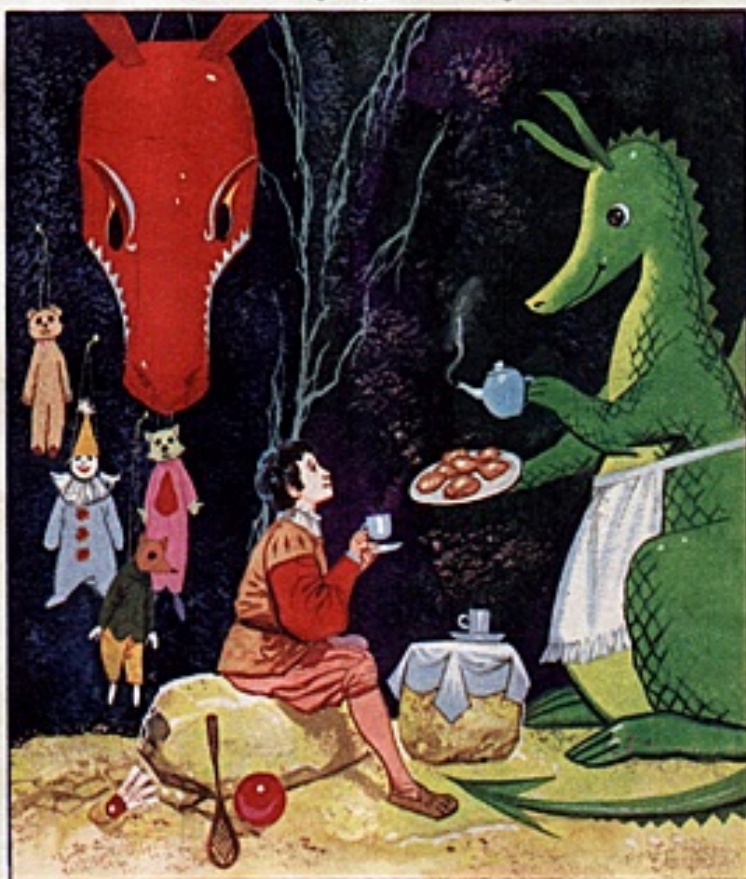
5. While the dragon set to work to tidy up the cave, the artist began to make a big mask. "This should give those dragon-hunters a scare—it looks very big and fierce," he said when it was finished. The dragon WAS pleased.



7. What a shock the dragon-hunters got when the dragon, wearing the big mask, put his head out of the cave and gave a fierce roar. The big, brave dragon-hunters became cowardly villagers again and fled in terror. They had had such a fright that they gave up dragon-hunting for ever.



6. Next day, a group of dragon-hunters arrived at the cave, looking very fierce. "Come out and fight, cowardly dragon," they yelled, waving their swords in the air. The artist kept quiet and helped the dragon put on the big mask.



8. The villagers started to buy toys again and the artist did such a good trade that he stayed there, for good. He often goes to have tea with the gentle dragon and they always laugh together when they look at the big, fierce mask which hangs up beside the door of the peaceful cave.



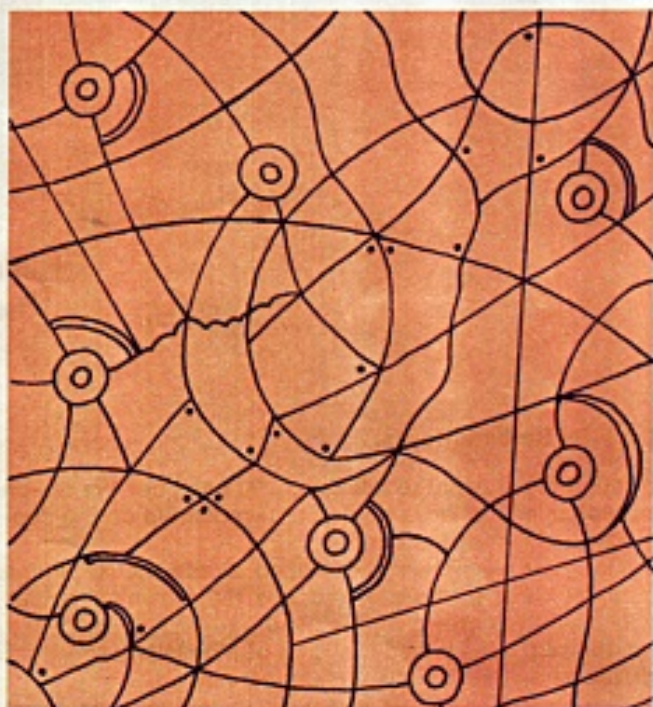
Beautiful Paintings

People who do not already know of this really beautiful painting by Sir Edwin Landseer would not easily guess its title—"The Arab Tent." At first glance you might wonder what it has to do with a tent, but as you look into the picture you will see that it is a special kind of tent, put up by Arab travellers in the desert and made as comfortable as possible

with rich carpets and even heating stoves. The nights in the desert can be very cold indeed and the Arab was not thinking only of keeping warm. His faithful animals, a lovely mare and foal, two dogs and two monkeys, share a snug shelter. It is a picture for you to cut out and keep. (Reproduced by permission of the Wallace Collection)

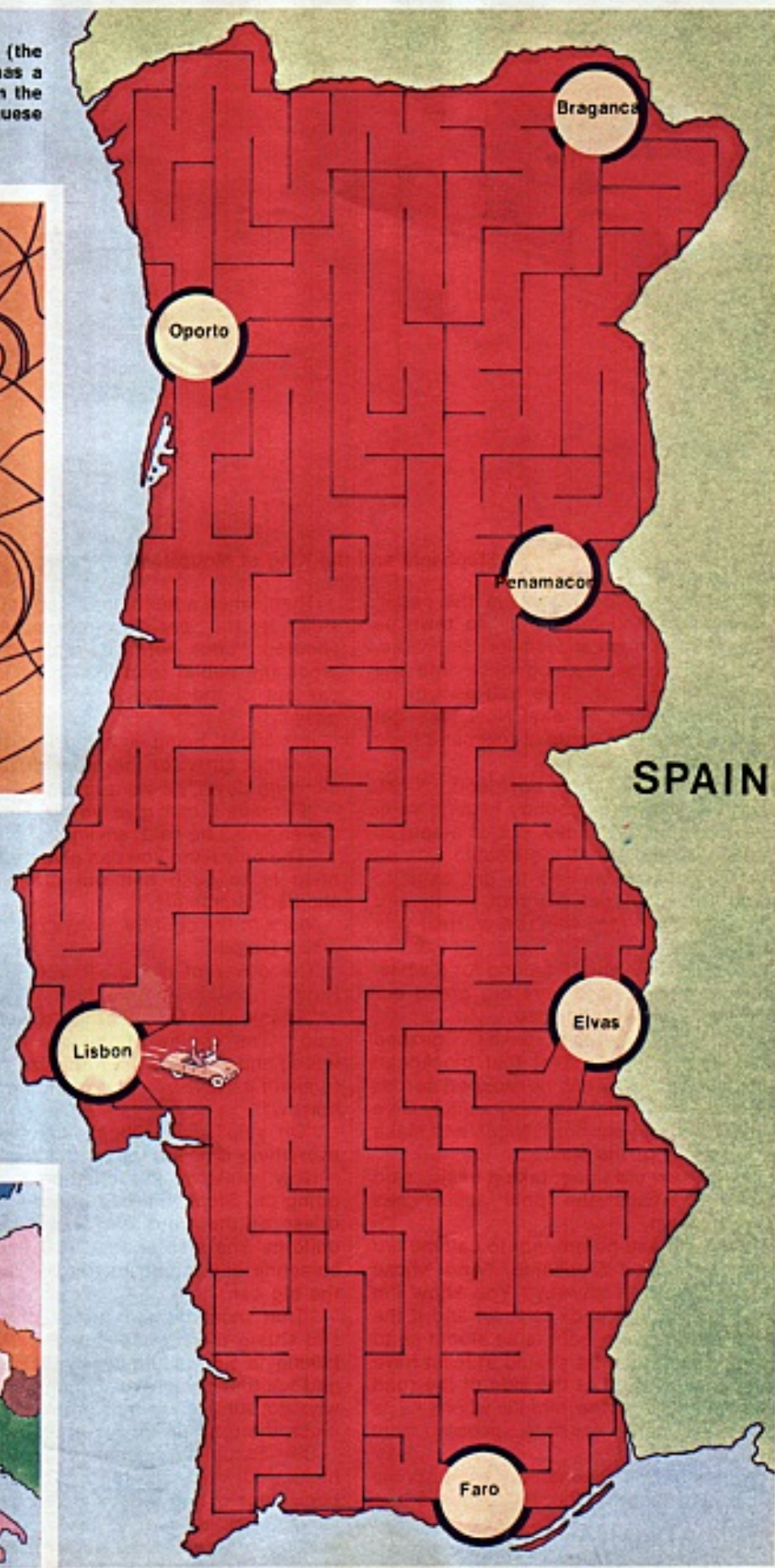
Proud Portugal

Though only a small country in the Iberian Peninsula (the other country, Spain, is six times as large) Portugal has a proud history of great explorers and adventurers. From the Atlantic Ocean, which runs along one side, the Portuguese fishermen make catches of sardines and big tunny fish.



In the country are grown figs, lemons, olives and the trees whose bark gives us cork. Oporto, one of the seaports, exports wine and gives it the name of port. Fill in the dots of the puzzle above and you will see another of Portugal's best-known exports. The capital is Lisbon. Start from there and make a tour of Portugal without crossing a line of the maze, visiting Faro, Elvas, Penamacor, Braganca and Oporto.

This map shows you Portugal's place in the continent of Europe.





The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

Stephanie and the King of Mouseland . . . Part 1. By Barbara Hayes.

PUT your foot down on the pedal, Nigel, and drive back to town as fast as you can," smiled Stephanie, the town mouse, settling back into the seat of Nigel's car. "I've had enough of the country for one day. Now let's get back to the bright lights of town and have some fun."

Stephanie and her boyfriend, Nigel, had been out in the country helping Winifred, the country mouse, out of a spot of bother. But now that the trouble was all over, Stephanie wanted to get back to town. So Nigel put his foot down and along the road they whizzed on their way back to town.

At least, they whizzed along for a while, until they came to a very big grand car that was blocking the road.

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" gasped Stephanie. "Just look at that blockhead in front of us. Why has he stopped across the road like that? It's disgraceful. Give him a hoot on your horn, Nigel, and make him get out of the way."

"Oh, I say, old thing, take it easy," said Nigel. "Perhaps the poor fellow has broken down."

"I've told you before, not to call me *old* thing," snapped Stephanie. "And whose side are you on anyway? You know I'm in a hurry to get back to town and if the idiot in that car in front is so stupid as to break down, then he should at least have the sense to do it at the side of the road and not right in the middle where he is stopping more sensible people from getting by."

And with that Stephanie leaned across Nigel and hooted the horn of the car herself.

HOOOT! HOOOT!

Then, when a head appeared round the side of the car in front, Stephanie shouted: "Look here, my man, you can't block the public road like this. Get your car out of the way at once and let us pass."

But Nigel, being a car driver himself, felt rather sorry for the other driver, and, climbing down, he went forward.

"Perhaps I can give you a hand with the engine," he said, smiling.

"The only hand you can give that blockhead is to push him out of my way," shouted Stephanie.

Visits to the country always put her into a bad temper.

The driver of the other car smiled at Nigel.

"Thank you for offering to help," he said. "The engine of the car has gone wrong and I haven't the right size spanner to mend it. Have you any spanners I could borrow?"

"Oh, yes," smiled Nigel, "I always carry everything it needs to mend a car."

Now, while all this chatting had been going on, Stephanie had noticed that the driver of the front car was wearing a uniform. She also noticed that there was someone still sitting in the back seat of the big car.

"That must be the owner of the car still sitting there," she thought. "Nigel is talking to the chauffeur, so I'll get down and tell that owner what I think of people who go out in cars that break down and block the road up for other people."

So Stephanie jumped down and hustled forward. She put her hand on the back door of the other car and was just leaning her head in at the window and starting to say: "Now, look here, I just

want to tell you . . .", when her eye fell on a large golden crown painted on the door of the car.

Then she looked at the mouse sitting in the car and saw the gleaming golden crown on his head.

It was the King of Mouseland.

Stephanie was astounded.

"Er—I just want to tell you—er—want to tell you—er—what an honour it is to be able to stop and help Your Majesty," she blurted out.

Stephanie swallowed hard. "How lucky I didn't finish saying that I thought he was a blockhead," she thought.

Next week read what the King of Mouseland says to Stephanie.

Here are the questions from the story "Happy Birthday Flowers" on page 9. See how many you can get right.

1. How many coins altogether were in Joanna's money-box?
2. How many pennies were there?
3. When Joanna first added up the money, how much did she make it?
4. How much did she REALLY have?

GOOD NEWS FROM THE EDITOR

Aldwych House, London, W.C.1

Dear Boys and Girls,

I am sure you all love the Free Gift of Terry the Tortoise this week. He's just one of the THREE MERRY MODELS which are being given away FREE with copies of *Once Upon A Time*. Next week, you will all be delighted to get Oswald the Owl—your very own Wise Old Owl. You cannot buy him—he's given FREE in next week's copy.

Your Friend, The Editor.





Sinbad the Sailor



Do you remember the thrilling adventure of Sinbad the Sailor and the whale, which was told a few weeks ago in "Once Upon A Time"? Well, after a while Sinbad began to grow restless and so he set out on a trading voyage in a ship with some other merchants.



1. Sinbad and his companions traded from island to island, exchanging the goods they had brought with them. One day they landed on an island covered with several sorts of fruit trees. It was a beautiful place without any sign of other men or animals.



2. Whilst some of the merchants and sailors amused themselves by gathering flowers and fruit, Sinbad sat down in the shade of a tall tree with some food and wine that he had brought with him. He enjoyed a good meal and stretched himself out. After being at sea it was very pleasant to fall into a comfortable sleep.



3. How long he slept Sinbad did not know, but when he woke up he found himself the only man still on the island. All the other merchants and sailors had gone and the ship was sailing away, already far out at sea. Sinbad waved his coloured sash and shouted, but the ship sailed on until it vanished completely.



4. "What a fool I was to sleep so soundly," Sinbad muttered to himself. "Now I am stranded on this strange island." Not knowing what else to do, he climbed a tall tree and gazed all around to see if he might discover anything that could give him hope of rescue, but there was no sign of a village or town. Then, not far away, he saw the shape of a strange white dome.



5. "I have never seen anything like that before," thought Sinbad. Climbing down from the tree he hurried towards the strange object. When he reached it he found it to be almost as round as a huge ball. It was far too smooth for Sinbad to climb, and when he walked round it he could find no opening in any side. "It has a familiar shape, like an egg," he murmured.



6. As this thought crossed his mind, Sinbad then realised what it was. "It IS an egg—an enormous white egg!" he exclaimed in wonder. Sinbad had heard sailors speak of a great bird called a Roc. "An egg of such huge size could have only been laid by such a creature as the Roc," he decided. "I must leave this place before it returns, or I may find myself in danger."

7. But already it was too late for Sinbad to make his escape. The sky suddenly darkened as though a cloud had covered the sun and Sinbad heard the whirring of great powerful wings. Very startled, he looked up. There in the sky was a bird of enormous size, flying straight down towards him as he stood beside the giant white egg. It was a Roc and it was coming back to its egg!

Next week, in this exciting tale, you will see what happens when the Roc swoops down. And you will get a FREE GIFT!

FAMOUS NAMES

Interesting facts about people, places and things.



1. **Mary, Queen of Scots.** Mary Stuart, born in 1542, became Queen of Scotland when she was only a few days old. By marriage she became Queen of France also, but returned to Scotland when her husband died. She fled to England, but was imprisoned by Elizabeth 1st, and beheaded at Fotheringhay Castle in 1587.



2. **Pompeii.** The city of Pompeii, in Italy, was suddenly buried under the ashes of an erupting volcano, Mount Vesuvius, in the year 79 A.D. The city was dug out and partly restored in this century and it tells us much of what we know about life in a Roman city of ancient times.



3. **James Watt.** Watching steam lifting the lid off a kettle, young James Watt realised the tremendous power of steam and when he grew up, in the 1770's, he designed engines which were driven by steam. Watt and Matthew Boulton began making steam engines to be used in industry, at a factory they set up in Birmingham.



4. **Sir Christopher Wren.** In 1666, much of London was destroyed in a great fire and had to be rebuilt. The new St. Paul's Cathedral, as well as many other churches, were designed by the fine architect, Christopher Wren, and built in brick or stone, which was not so easily burnt as wood and plaster.